



## A LARGE ORDER.

Cabby. "WHERE TO?"

Porter. "YOU'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THE TAXI."

## CHARIVARIA.

"THERE are no English Cabinet-makers," said a witness to the Alien Immigration Board. MR. REDMOND, of course, is of Irish extraction.

A few years ago, DR. AKED was persuaded to take up duty in the United States. Now the well-known Nonconformist Minister, DR. JOWETT, has received and accepted a similar invitation. Might we draw the attention of our American cousins to the claims of DR. CLIFFORD?

"Nerves," says the KAISER, "will win the next war." Times change. An earlier CÆSAR overcame the Nervians.

"£14,426,700 DOCK SCHEME  
EVERY DOCK IN LONDON TO BE  
IMPROVED."

This is misleading, and calculated to cause serious disappointment to those persons who imagine that when next they appear at the Old Bailey they will find themselves in a richly upholstered dock provided with a lounge chair in crimson plush.

"How can they afford it?" remarked a playgoer at a certain Music Hall. LOIE FULLER had just presented for the first time in London a charming unpublished ballet by MOZART—and the very next turn was MOZART himself—"in his original and execruciatingly funny Travesties on Every Day Events."

"Women," says LORD ROBERT CECIL, "are more self-sacrificing than men." We agree with his lordship. Show us the man who would be willing to make a guy of himself for the sake of being in the fashion.

It is a curious fact, not, we believe, mentioned by any of our contemporaries, that the late MR. MACWHIRTER's pictures were never popular among schoolboys. We understand that they resented the frequency with which this distinguished painter glorified the birch.

"We stand," says *The Field*, "in a much better position in aviation relatively than we did in motoring ten years ago. . . . Our aviators probably run into three figures." Yes, the motorists ran into more than that.

There is, as a rule, so much jealousy between our daily papers that it is a pleasure to find *The Daily Mail* inaugurating a campaign in favour of "Standard" bread.

The warders of our prisons are now agitating for an improvement in their conditions of employment. To mention but one hardship, it is said if a warder, while in charge of men, should be seen to turn his head away for a moment, he may have a shilling deducted from his pay and lose his Saturday half-holiday. We understand that even the prisoners, whom one would not suspect of having much sympathy for the warders, are in favour of having this grievance removed.

Burglars entered the Archdeaconry library at Huntingdon, the other day, and stole several volumes of valuable theological works. They did not stay to read them, fearing, no doubt, lest they might be surprised asleep.

We are glad to see that our Royal Academy still sets its face against sensationalism. It will be noticed that its list of new Associates did not include the name of PETER THE PAINTER.

## THOUGHTS ON THE COMING CENSUS.—II.

[If any member of a household is deaf and dumb, blind, a lunatic, imbecile, or feeble-minded, the fact has to be given.]

WHEN last your father filled for you  
The census-roll, he had no knotty  
Riddles to guess; he knew your name,  
Your age and health of mind and frame;  
Thus: "Betty, spinster, 15.2,  
Not deaf, nor blind, nor dumb, nor dotty."

Since that occasion I have wooed  
And found you stiff with indecision;  
So if he knows the facts about  
That fatal error he will doubt  
Whether your senses still include  
The almost priceless gift of Vision.

Blind to my charms! or, sadder yet,  
You had your mental optics blinded;  
You loved my nose, but failed to trace  
A corresponding inward grace,  
And so your sire will have to set  
His daughter down as feeble-minded.

I have admirers, men of weight,  
Who hold that I, too, lost my head (you'll  
Pardon this view); I, too, was blind  
(To your defects of form and mind),  
And ought to have my shocking state  
Frankly recorded in the schedule.

Two cases, similarly sad!  
Yet there's a solace to beguile 'em:—  
Let you and me, my dear, repair  
Each to the other's arms, and there  
Win what they need, the blind and mad—  
A safe and permanent Asylum.

O. S.

## THE GREATEST LITTLE LION.

THE house was in that part of West Kensington which is better known to its inhabitants as Kensington, W. My host came out of his drawing-room the moment the bell rang. It was his invariable custom thus to waylay the arriving guest and whisper into his ear the names and achievements of those already assembled. Everybody you met there had achieved something.

On this occasion he wrestled with an unusual amount of subdued triumph. "So glad you've come. You're just in time to meet Evelyn Starker. Just dropped in quite informally, you know. No ceremony or anything of that sort."

"Very glad to meet her," I murmured.

"Her! My good man, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Evelyn Starker? You've read his books, anyway. He wrote *Fallacy or Phantasy* and *The Duke's Diogenes* and—and lots of others. Come on in. You'll find him awfully affable and nice—considering what he is."

I found the Greatest Little Lion standing with his back to the fire. Before him in a semi-circle sat the Great Little Lions. Beyond these stood a fringe of Lesser Little Lions.

I was introduced to Mr. Starker. He acknowledged my presence by closing his eyes for nine seconds and then glancing in my direction for nearly two.

"Editors," he remarked, "are consistent only in their inconsistency."

The Great Little Lions looked at each other in delighted amazement, and I noticed one of the Lesser Little Lions hastily scribbling upon his shirtcuff.

I shook my head. "I am not an Editor," I said.

Mr. Starker started violently. "I didn't say you were," he remarked shortly. "I was continuing the conversation which was interrupted by your arrival."

I retired hastily to the outer fringe of Lesser Little Lions. The inner circle would have to turn right round if they wanted to look at me like that again.

"Editors," he continued, "so rarely recognise that they are the slaves of the Contributor—and not his masters."

"Hear! Hear!" roared four of the Lesser Little Lions in chorus.

"I mean by 'Contributor,' of course, a man who has made his mark in the literary world. I do not refer to the legions of would-be Contributors who vent their spleen and disappointment by abusing Editors."

"Hear! Hear!" cried two of the Great Little Lions.

"I will give you an example which occurred to myself. It was in connection with a paper which has established for itself the reputation of being the leading journal of poetic culture."

"That's *The Warbler*," explained our host in a stage whisper. "He writes for it."

"The Editor has actually had the impertinence to return my work with criticisms on it!"

"Never!" roared the Lions of all degrees. "Impossible!" "Critique it and point out what he considered to be its faults!"

"I wish more Editors would do that," I said regretfully.

The Greatest Little Lion carefully adjusted his glasses, put back his head, and regarded me with patronising interest. "What would be an encouragement," he said slowly, "to a young beginner is, I repeat, an insult to a man who wrote before the Editor of *The Warbler* had ever been heard of. To criticise a finished author—"

He paused impressively.

"Oh, no," I said. "Don't say that. I expect you've only run dry temporarily. All great writers suffer from that."

Mr. Starker put his head back still further and blew shortly and sharply through his nose.

The artist in the front row, who had "quite nearly" had a picture hung, turned on me reprovingly. "Mr. Starker never dries up," she said.

The great author still regarded me fixedly. "Perhaps," he remarked ponderously, "we regard the matter from opposite ends of the literary ladder. I repeat that I consider it downright impertinence of the Editor to return the work of a man who has published no fewer than five books of serious verse."

"But you have had something in *The Warbler*?" implored our host.

He stroked back his raven locks with one hand and smiled quietly but triumphantly.

"*The Warbler* published a little thing of mine called 'Rulers of Rimmon' about two years ago," he remarked with unconvincing carelessness.

"Ah!" said the Little Lions rapturously.

"Really? Was that yours?" I asked.

The Greatest Little Lion unbent. "Why? Did you see it? Do you remember it after all this time?"

"I have got it pasted in a book at home," I replied.

"Some day," he said, beaming patronisingly upon me, "people may cut out some of *your* work and paste it in a book. Don't be disheartened. Go on trying. Remember my encouragement next time you read my little poem in your book."

"I'm afraid I can't read it now," I explained, when the applause had subsided, "because it's on the sticky side. You see, it happened to be printed on the back of one of my own."

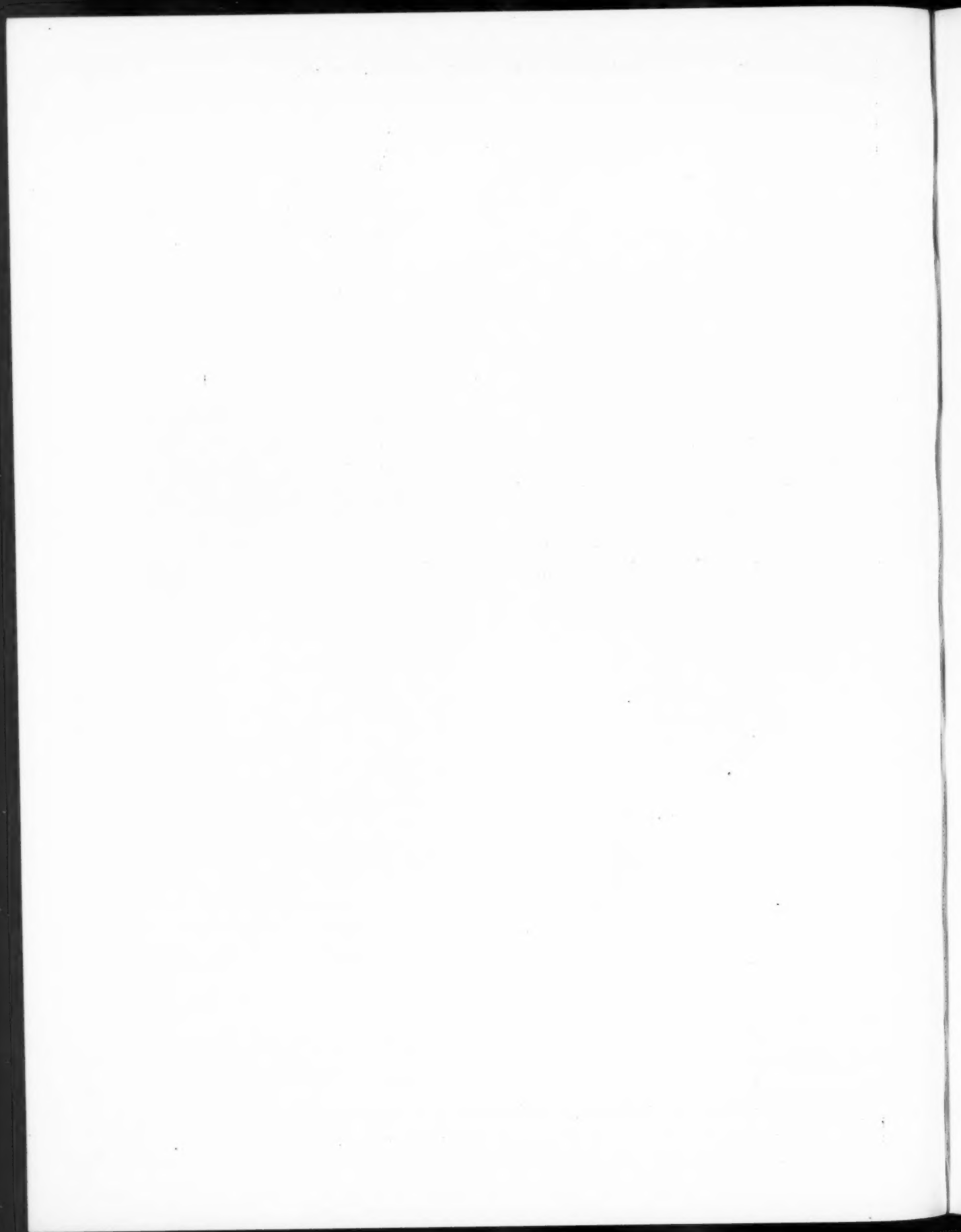


### ANOTHER "DECLARATION OF LONDON."

LONDON (with plan for a vast development of her Port). "I DECLARE THIS SCHEME WELL AND TRULY LAID."

JOHN BULL. "WISH ALL YOUR DECLARATIONS WERE AS SOUND AS THAT."

[The International Agreement known as the Declaration of London, which still awaits ratification, contains certain rules of Naval War which have met with strong protest on the part of various Chambers of Commerce.]







Niece. "AUNTIE, DO COME IN THE GARDEN—I WANT TO SHOW YOU TO THE DUCKS."

### THE CREW.

(To F. C. B.)

LAST week it was my lot, dear FRANK,  
A tow-path horse bestriding,  
Along the Cam's familiar bank  
To witch the world with riding.

With all the undergraduate's rash  
Contempt of wintry weather  
The zephyred crew set out to flash  
Their eight blue blades together.

Their catch was fair, their swing was slow  
(Though much their coxswain chid it);  
Their faces showed they meant to row,  
And pretty well they did it.

That arbiter of life and death,  
Their coach, had lots to teach them;  
He spoke a shade above his breath,  
And thus contrived to reach them.

Beginnings were, he said, the root  
Of his aquatic system;  
The lack of these entailed the "boot"—  
He marvelled why they missed 'em.

And, not as one who quoted hymns,  
But yet with moderation,  
He mentioned all their youthful limbs  
And each articulation.

He praised a wrist, reprov'd an arm;  
Their legs, he thought, were so-so.  
Their hands, he added, did the harm  
And really made them row so.

"Your strokes," he said, "should be designed  
With something nearer vigour.  
Reach out and grip it well behind,  
And dislocate your rigger."

And so with many a cheerful shout  
He scored his patient eight off,  
Declaring Three must hold it out  
And Six must get his weight off;

With wise advice to all the rest:  
How they might charm beholders  
With straightened back, or bulging chest,  
Or hips, or knees, or shoulders.

He spoke them fair, he spoke them free,  
Imparting stacks of knowledge,  
And did his best that each should be  
A credit to his College,

And row the race so well that you  
And I may see them win it.

P.S. I write about the crew  
Because your grandson's in it!

Tis.

A Morning Post-Impressionist—the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

## LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

## IV.—"AT DEAD OF NIGHT."

The stage is in semi-darkness as Dick Trayle throws open the window from outside, puts his knee on the sill, and falls carefully into the drawing-room of Beeste Hall. He is dressed in a knickerbocker suit with arrows on it (such as can always be borrowed from a friend), and, to judge from the noises which he emits, is not in the best of training. The lights go on suddenly; and he should seize this moment to stagger to the door and turn on the switch. This done he sinks into the nearest chair and closes his eyes.

If he has been dancing very late the night before he may drop into a peaceful sleep; in which case the play ends here. Otherwise, no sooner are his eyes closed than he opens them with a sudden start and looks round in terror.

Dick (striking the keynote at once). No, no! Let me out—I am innocent! (He gives a gasp of relief as he realises the situation.) Free! It is true, then! I have escaped! I dreamed that I was back in prison again! (He shudders and helps himself to a large whisky-and-soda, which he swallows at a gulp.) That's better! Now I feel a new man—the man I was three years ago. Three years! It has been a lifetime! (Pathetically to the audience.) Where is Millicent now?

(He falls into a reverie, from which he is suddenly awakened by a noise outside. He starts, and then creeps rapidly to the switch, arriving there at the moment when the lights go out. Thence he goes swiftly behind the window curtain. The lights go up again as Jasper Beeste comes in with a revolver in one hand and a bull's-eye lantern of apparently enormous candle power in the other.

Jasper (in immaculate evening dress). I thought I heard a noise, so I slipped on some old things hurriedly and came down. (Fingering his perfectly-tied tie.) But there seems to be nobody here. (Turns round suddenly to the window.) Ha, who's there? Hands up, blow you—(He ought to swear rather badly here, really)—hands up, or I fire!

(The stage is suddenly plunged into darkness, there is the noise of a struggle, and the lights go on to reveal Jasper by the door covering Dick with his revolver.

Jasper. Let's have a little light on you. (Brutally.) Now then, my man, what have you got to say for yourself? Ha! An escaped convict, eh?

Dick (to himself in amazement). Jasper Beeste!

Jasper. So you know my name?

Dick (in the tones of a man whose whole life has been blighted by the machinations of a false friend). Yes, Jasper Beeste, I know your name. For two years I have said it to myself every night, when I prayed Heaven that I should meet you again.

Jasper. Again? (Uneasily.) We have met before?

Dick (slowly). We have met before, Jasper Beeste. Since then I have lived a lifetime of misery. You may well fail to recognise me.

[Enter Millicent Wilsdon—in a dressing-gown, with her hair over her shoulders, if the county will stand it.

Millicent (to Jasper). I couldn't sleep—I heard a noise—I—(suddenly seeing the other) Dick! (She trembles.)

Dick. Millicent! (He trembles too.)

Jasper. Trayle! (So does he.)

Dick (bitterly). You shrink from me, Millicent. (With strong common sense) What is an escaped convict to the beautiful Miss Wilsdon?

Millicent. Dick—I—you—when you were sentenced—

Dick. When I was sentenced—the evidence was black against me, I admit—I wrote and released you from your engagement. You are married now?

Millicent (throwing herself on a sofa). Oh, Dick!

Jasper (recovering himself). Enough of this. Miss Wilsdon is going to marry me to-morrow.

Dick. To marry you! (He strides over to the sofa and pulls Millicent to her feet.) Millicent, look me in the eyes! Do you love him? (She turns away.) Say "Yes" and I will go back quietly to my prison. (She raises her eyes to his.) Ha! I thought so! You don't love him! Now then I can speak.

Jasper (advancing threateningly). Yes, to your friends the warders. Millicent, ring the bell.

Dick (wresting the revolver from his grasp). Ha, would you? Now stand over there and listen to me. (He arranges his audience, Millicent on a sofa on the right, Jasper, biting his finger nails, on the left.) Three years ago Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace was stolen. My flat was searched and the necklace was found in my hatbox. Although I protested my innocence I was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude, followed by fifteen years police supervision.

Millicent (raising herself on the sofa). Dick, you were innocent—I know it. (She flops back again.)

Dick. I was. But how could I prove it? I went to prison. For a year black despair gnawed at my heart. And then something happened. The pri-

soner in the cell next to mine tried to communicate with me by means of taps. We soon arranged a system and held conversations together. One day he told me of a robbery in which he and another man had been engaged—the robbery of a diamond necklace.

Jasper (jauntily). Well?

Dick (sternly). A diamond necklace, Jasper Beeste, which the other man hid in the hatbox of another man in order that he might woo the other man's fiancée! (Millicent shrieks.)

Jasper (blusteringly). Bah!

Dick (quietly). The man in the cell next to mine wants to meet this gentleman again. It seems that he has some old scores to pay off.

Jasper (sneeringly). And where is he?

Dick. Ah, where is he? (He goes to the window and gives a low whistle. A Stranger in knickerbockers jumps in and advances with a crab-like movement.) Good! here you are. Allow me to present you to Mr. Jasper Beeste. Jasper (in horror). Two-toed Thomas! I am undone!

Two-toed Thomas (after a series of unintelligible snarls). Say the word, guv'nor, and I'll kill him. (He prowls round Jasper thoughtfully.)

Dick (sternly). Stand back! Now, Jasper Beeste, what have you to say?

Jasper (hysterically). I confess. I will sign anything. I will go to prison. Only keep that man off me.

Dick (going up to a bureau and writing about at incredible speed). "I, Jasper Beeste, of Beeste Hall, do hereby declare that I stole Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace and hid it in the hatbox of Richard Trayle; and I further declare that the said Richard Trayle is innocent of any complicity in the affair." (Advancing with the paper and a fountain pen.) Sign, please.

[Jasper signs. At this moment two warders burst into the room.

First Warder. There they are!

[He seizes Dick. Two-toed Thomas leaps from the window, pursued by the second Warder. Millicent picks up the confession and advances dramatically.

Millicent. Do not touch that man! Read this!

[She hands him the confession with an air of superb pride.

First Warder (reading). Jasper Beeste! (Slipping a pair of handcuffs on Jasper.) You come along with me, my man. We've had our suspicions of you for some time. (To Millicent, with a nod at Dick) You'll look after that gentleman, miss?

Millicent. Of course! Why, he's engaged to me. Aren't you, Dick?

Dick. This time, Millicent, for ever!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Jason Blogg (of Pittsburg). "WELL, HYPATIA, WHICH OF 'EM HAVE YOU CONCLUDED TO TAKE?—THE EARL OF OLDPARK OR COUNT APPOGGIATURA?"

Miss Hypatia. "I'M GOING TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS, POP. IF THE EARL LOSES HIS VETO, MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE COUNT."



# RECORD NOVELIST.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. SILA SHOCKING.  
A GREAT MANUFACTURER.

MR. SILA SHOCKING is indeed to be envied. Though still in the prime of life—he wears a full beard hardly touched with grey, and is the proud possessor of a golf handicap of 36—he is admittedly the Captain-General of the most typical modern industry—that of novel-making. *The Daily Chronicle* has already told us the thrilling history of his early years and the noble principles which inform his new masterpiece, a great cricketing story with a strong ethical interest, which is appearing serially in a leading journal, but some further particulars, gleaned by a plucky representative of *Punch*, who scaled the heights of Highgate in the pursuance of his duty, may not be unacceptable to those who love to learn of the prosperity of our prominent penmen.

In his early years, Mr. Shocking was almost entirely immersed in the study of theology, metaphysics, conchology and kindred subjects, but the call of romance was not to be resisted, though for long he turned a deaf ear to these siren voices. "Often enough," he said, "the impulse came upon me, and plots evolved themselves almost unconsciously in my mind, but I put the temptation aside. It was not till many years had elapsed that I became convinced that my capacity for influencing my fellow men for good would be enormously enhanced by my abandoning the pulpit for the pen—by my turning my sermons into novels. Since then my pen, or perhaps I should say my phonograph, has known no rest. The process of preparation is arduous, involving long journeys, nights spent in sleeping-cars, horseback riding—I was once run away with by a Mexican mustang, another time I was badly shaken by a fall from a camel in Egypt—but when once my material is collected it is plain sailing. Formerly I wrote, now I dictate everything to the phonograph."

"Have you any time for meals?" timidly queried our representative.

"Not much," replied the intrepid *littérateur*. "A thimbleful of tea at 8 a.m., a hasty snack at 1 o'clock, and a poached egg and a banana before I retire to rest at 12.30—that is my usual regimen. I drink barley-water most days, but in the summer I own to a weakness for gingerbeer and raspberry vinegar."

"Do you hold any views on the Bread question?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Shocking, "I am a whole-hearted whole-mealer. I once

wrote a novel on a diet of white bread, but it barely sold 100,000 copies. It was a romance of the Cornish Riviera describing the abortive attempt of a South African millionaire to establish a Casino at Tintagel, and his terrible end. I took the greatest pains to make my meaning perfectly and unmistakably clear. But somehow or other my tragedy and comedy became hopelessly and inextricably mixed, and my characters became quite unmanageable. The book, in short, was a failure, and I only cleared £5,000 by the sales."

Turning to the question of his colossal *clientèle*, Mr. Shocking said that his readers could be numbered by millions in the Midlands before the sale of his books climbed into hundreds of thousands in London. It was only by degrees that he had stormed the citadel of metropolitan fame, and even still there were houses in Mayfair where his name was practically unknown, except in the basement. Of late, too, he had begun to sell widely in the Isle of Man and Stratford-on-Avon in spite of strenuous local competition. Beyond these areas, Manchuria, Japan, Korea, Heligoland and the Falkland Islands were countries where Mr. Shocking's stories are every day gaining a wider vogue. Translations already exist in Romy, Urdu, Basque, Aztec and Esperanto.

The statistics relating to Mr. Shocking's output are worth recording. The total number of copies of his books in circulation is estimated at ten quintillions (it will be remembered that a quintillion—a billion penillions). The paper on which these copies is printed, if spread out flat, would carpet the entire Solar system, and, if piled in a vertical heap, would reach to Mars. The amount of printer's ink consumed on these immortal tomes would fill the Caspian Sea. In writing his books, again, before he took to the phonograph, Mr. Shocking used up 2,743 quill pens, 590 stylographs, 411 fountain pens, and 33,775 steel nibs. The process of revision accounted for three tons of blue lead, and 70,398 sheets of blotting-paper were exhausted in drying the manuscript. Furthermore Mr. Shocking has, in the search for the requisite local colour, travelled 30,000 miles on bicycles, 160,000 miles in motor cars, and 24,000 miles on donkeys, camels and elephants. Mr. Shocking has been interviewed in all nearly five thousand times, and he is the proud recipient of the Order of the Purple Patch (Serbia), the Golden Gasometer (Costa Rica), and the Hokey Fly (Ireland), besides being an Honorary LL.D. of the University of Tipperusale, and a D.D. of Monte Carlo.

# TO THE PERENNIAL RABBIT.

THE Savage by primeval Thames,  
Lurking, the mammoth to waylay,  
Amid the awful forest stems,  
On some far, dim, forgotten day,  
As that vast bulk of brawn and beef  
Squelched off unscathed through lone  
          morasses,  
Would turn, I doubt not, with relief  
To where you scuttled in the grasses!

Perhaps my cave-man blood's to blame,  
For—atavistic taint—I too  
Have dropped a more exacting game,  
Bunny, to have a bang at you;  
The driven partridge missed in front,  
And eke behind, lacks serious merit  
Beside a sunny hedge-row hunt,  
A terrier and an active ferret!

Give me a summer afternoon,  
An air-gun and the drone of bees,  
The water-meadows lush with June,  
A stalk among the Alderneys;  
Then, hit or miss, I care no-ways,  
In such surroundings I consider  
You're worth a hundred storm-swept  
          braes  
And all the royals in Balquidder!

Indeed, wherever I may go,  
Through summer woods, by wintry  
          fell,  
I've found you, in the sun or snow,  
A friendly little Ishmael;  
Along the southern trout-stream banks,  
Or with the ptarmigan consorting,  
You've always earned my grateful  
          thanks,  
And in all seasons acted sporting!

Hushed is the hairy mammoths' roar  
And gone the mastodon uncouth  
Down to decay with dinosaur,  
Aurochs, and fearsome sabre-tooth;  
But you, small beast in hoddin-gray,  
Survive, and will, I take for granted,  
Be here when I am dust, to play  
In moonlit covers still unplanted!

"A gentleman, 34 years of age, tall, strong and healthy, shortly returning to Australia, wishes to meet a lady and marry her before doing so."—*Advt. in "Matrimonial Times."*

Advice to those about to marry: Meet the lady first.

From *The Daily Telegraph's* account of a dinner of the German colony in London:—

"The speeches were entirely in German, the remainder of the evening being devoted to harmony."

This is the kind of report that does so much for the softening of Anglo-German relations.





*Sportsman.* "I SHOT A WRETCHED PIG BY MISTAKE WHEN AFTER SNIFE NEAR FOO SING. THE VILLAGERS WOULD NOT LISTEN TO MY APOLOGIES, BUT BEHAVED IN A PERFECTLY SCANDALOUS MANNER—TAKING AWAY MY GUN, KNOCKING ME DOWN—AND—AND—JUMPING ON MY STOMACH UNTIL MY BLOOD BOILED."

### THE PURIST; OR, ANY EXCUSE.

*"[I beg to again most respectfully call your attention to the above overdue account previously rendered, and trust you will now favour me, etc.]"*

Sir, when I noticed the message appended to  
This your too-frequently rendered account,  
Grabbing my cheque-book I fully intended to  
Settle at once for the mentioned amount;  
Reached for the ink-pot—then, glancing again,  
Sadly closed cheque-book and laid aside pen.

What, my dear Sir, did you wantonly, viciously,  
"Beg to again most respectfully call?"  
Most of your missives arrive inauspiciously—  
This was the bitterest blow of them all!  
English infinitives, may I submit,  
Are not, like sodas, the better when split.

So, as I gazed at this bill for my raiment that  
Seemed to go back such a horrible way,  
All the brave plans for immediate payment that  
Once had loomed rosy now faded to grey;  
"Beg to again most—" no, let the thing rest—  
Out on your vilely constructed request!

No, Sir, I would have discharged with celerity  
All of the items set forth on your claim,  
But I must handle with fitting severity

One so completely devoid of all shame  
As to quite unprovoked, callously go  
Splitting a harmless infinitive so!

### THE PURPLE PRESS.

*With acknowledgments to "The Observer."*

"THERE for the moment we may leave this soul-shaking announcement. It would be impossible even for us to over-estimate its portentous gravity. No more insidious solvent has been administered in our time to the cement which binds together the stately fabric of Empire. The struggle of the next few years will irrevocably decide the future of Great and Greater Britain and its place amongst the Great Powers of the world—if, indeed, we are to keep any place among them. Already the writing is on the wall, the words of warning shine out in luminous fluorescence for all who have eyes to see—if, indeed, the power of vision is still possessed by our politicians. But we are not pessimistic. Never have we felt less so. The spectacle of impending peril has always nerved heroic souls to make their supremest efforts. There must be no faltering or paltering with the enemy. Under the oriflamme of an unshakeable resolve the Party must go forward in serried ranks to shatter into infinitesimal smithereens the motley hordes of the squalid coalition. For our feet are upon the mountains and our face is towards the rising sun."



Master. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR FATHER DIED LAST NIGHT, GEORGE. I'D NO IDEA HE WAS SERIOUSLY ILL."

Jarge. "WULL, 'TWERE THIS WAY. DOCTOR 'E COME IN THE MARNIN', AN' MOTHER SHE ASK 'UN WHAT SHE WERE TO GIE FEYTHEER, AN' DOCTOR 'E SEZ, 'GIE 'UN ANYTHING 'E'VE A MIND TO ASK FOR;' AN' MIDDLE O' THE NIGHT, FEYTHEER 'E ASKS FOR A QUART O' BEER; MOTHER SEZ, 'AIN'T GOT NO BEER,' GIVES 'UN A GLASS OF WATTER—KILLED 'UN!'"

#### THE SCHOOL FOR VARIETY.

MR. GRAYSON recommends the establishment of a school for music-hall artistes so that the public may be spared some of the less successful turns.

#### SCENE—Comic-patter class.

*Professor.*—It is a wise plan to think out all one's jokes for one imaginary person in the audience and never get above his head. A typical gallery boy for choice or, when addressing the ladies, a gallery girl. It is true that other people will be in the hall, but if you can make these two laugh you

will make enough of the others laugh also; never by any chance say anything new or fine. Keep it all to the lowest level by cynicism and suspicion. See the worst of everything and everybody. For example, if you sing about the sea let it be either of the sickness upon it, the fleas in the lodging houses beside it, or the adventurer on the pier who took your watch and chain. Remember that in any narrative there is nothing really funny but failure. For briefer gags bear in mind that all music-hall audiences are conservative; and it has become safe and popular to use whatever language you like about both the

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the HOME SECRETARY. After that there are always sausages and bananas and kippers; the mere mention of such will convulse any audience.

#### SCENE—Pronunciation Class.

*Professor.* Take great pains to keep your voice strictly to street pitch, and with a street accent. I mean, of course, those of you who are not Scotch or Lancashire comedians. These may do as they like when in any towns not in Scotland or Lancashire. But all you London singers must be most scrupulous to retain your cockneyisms. Thus, when singing of, say, a man named Brown living in London town, be watchful to say both "Breown" and "teown." Much depends on it.

#### SCENE—The Serio-Comic Class.

*Professor.* The first thing, Ladies (or shall I say, "Dears"), that I want you to understand is that the seat of the serio-comic voice, if it is to be successful, is not the chest, but the back of the head. Some of you seem to have acquired the elements of voice-production. These you must forget as quickly as possible. The music-hall public does not want anything but what it has had for generations. Remember that. It expects heady nasal notes, and you must give them.

#### SCENE—Comic Costume Class.

*Professor.* The first essential of a comic singer's clothes is that they do not fit. If they fit, the song cannot be comic, whatever the words. Some of you, I see, have trousers that are not patched. What kind of chance in the profession you expect, I cannot imagine. Others have shirts when the simplest gallery boy knows that, when the waistcoat is lifted up (being made loose for that purpose), a dicky should be all that can be seen, or, possibly, in really funny men, a pair of very ancient corsets. Thus attired you will succeed in whatever you sing: there will be enough members of every audience to persuade the rest that you are funny. The boots should be too large, the hat too small. Paint your nose red, your mouth large, and give your eyebrows an arch. Never omit to carry a stick, as every time you hit yourself it will convince your audience that your last remark was a joke, and they will laugh, and the more they laugh the better for you. That indeed is why your clothes have to be so carefully thought out: it is so that immediately you are seen the audience will know you are funny and will be practically bound to laugh. It is a kind of hypnotism.



### ALL IN DUE COURSE.

CATESBY (MR. CHURCHILL). "MY LIEGE, THE DUKES, ETCETERA, HAVE BEEN TAKEN."

RICHARD THE THIRD (MR. ASQUITH). "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! SO MUCH FOR DUKES, ETCETERA."

CATESBY. "MY LIEGE, E'EN NOW THEY PRATE OF SELF-REFORM."

RICHARD THE THIRD. "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! WE WILL REFORM 'EM LATER."

*"Richard the Third" (Colley Cibber—"Punch" version), Act IV., Scene 4.*





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



TOBY SEARCHES FOR THE MISSING "CAPTAIN HOOK" (OF KING'S LYNN).

Since (Sir Toby, M.P.). "AR-EE YE THER-RE, MY NHOBLE CAPTHUN!!—IT'S YER LITTLE SMEE, CAPTHUN!!—HE'S THER-RE!!! THE CROCODHOIL'S GOT 'UM!! THERE'S RIMNITS OF 'UM IN THE CRAYTHUR'S MOUTH, SO THERE IS!!"

Tuesday, Jan. 31.—New Parliament meets for first Session. Quite exciting scene in Lobby. Everybody shaking hands with WILLIAM JONES, who, hatless and smiling, bustles about. That he should smile not an uncommon thing. That everyone should, after brief parting, want to shake hands with him equally habitual. But where's his hat? Can it be that, owing to LLOYD GEORGE's financial extortions, he has been obliged to "put it down," as millionaires and landlords have under same malign influence "put down" carriages, horses and the odd boy in the garden?

This question murmured by stranger looking on. Old Parliamentary Hands recognise the sign. According to quaint custom, whose origin is lost in the muck of dead centuries, a Whip never shows himself in the Lobby with his hat on. One remembers how, when TWEEDMOUTH occasionally visited scene of the labours of EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, Liberal Whip in Mr. G.'s last Administration, he was for a moment hardly recognisable under his hat. WILLIAM JONES comes to new Parliament a Junior Lord of the Treasury, enrolled

among the Whips under the Mastership of ELIBANK.

Off with his hat. So much for North Carnarvon.

Appointment not one of high degree, such as a Secretaryship of State with seat in the Cabinet. But it distinctly strengthens position of Government by increasing its corporate popularity. Only drawback to satisfaction shared equally in both political camps is that the Member for North Carnarvon henceforward must needs give up to the Whips' Room what was meant for mankind in the House. Simple, unaffected, undervaluing himself, he is one of the most eloquent speakers known at Westminster during last fifteen years. The unwritten law which forbids a Whip to wear his hat in the Lobby also precludes him from taking part in debate. Thus the House becomes the poorer by a well-merited and universally acclaimed promotion.

Business done.—Mr. LOWTHER elected Speaker for fourth time.

Thursday.—Looking round on busy scene, watching Members struggling for opportunity to sign the roll of

new Parliament, one thinks with profound sorrow of one whose presence will charm the House no more. Re-elected without opposition for one of the many Universities on whose rolls of honour his name stood high, HENRY BUTCHER looked forward with keen interest to the coming Session. Sickenings with a vague disease, he, shortly after the General Election, took to his bed and died, whilst others were preparing for the fray at Westminster.

His name did not loom large in the eye of the public. It appeared but rarely in the Parliamentary reports. But in the House, as in the Universities, his unobtrusive personality was equally admired and esteemed. Conservative representative of an exclusive community, he was singularly broad-minded in his views, ever courteous in manner.

A scholar of rare distinction, a speaker of polished lucidity, intimately acquainted with the drift of public affairs, he was of the limited group of men who are the salt of the *mélange* of humanity that goes to make up the House of Commons.



*Huntsman (cheering his hounds). "FORREARD! FORREARD! FORREARD!"*  
*Stout Gentleman (unaccustomed to the language of the chase). "'FORREARD'? YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO GET FORREARD AS FAST AS I CAN!"*

#### Lines to a "LONDON PARTICULAR."

MAYBE you've not the luscious flavour  
 Of fogs of fifty years ago,  
 When all the world was stouter, braver,  
 But, ah, if that be so,  
 Would I could taste the sort of stuff  
 Our grandsires used to eat! Enough;  
 It's not your taste I'm out to puff,  
 But something more—Hello!

(The worst of this confounded nimbus  
 Wherein I wander like a ghost  
 Is, when I try to dodge a dim bus,  
 I dash against a post).  
 What was I saying? Fog; oh yes!  
 Where others curse I came to bless;  
 I rather like your rich caress,  
 I call you London's boast.

For beautiful, no doubt, are cities  
 Whose fronts are ever kissed with gold;  
 And Paris sneers and Naples pities  
 And Tunis calls us cold;  
 And Rome has her imperial pride,  
 And lots of other towns beside,  
 With or without a local guide,  
 Are gorgeous to behold.

But never do they wear the armour  
 Of modesty and coy reserve

That makes our London such a charmer,  
 When every square and curve  
 Is wrapped in folds of thick pea-soup  
 (Ye gods! that was a tasty stoup);  
 The only drawback is that (Whoop!)  
 One needs no end of nerve.

You weave about her form, O vapour,  
 The mystic spell that holds the mind  
 (Under a street-lamp's glimmering taper)  
 Of buildings half defined:  
 She looks her best, I fancy, thus,  
 And that is why I make no fuss  
 Save only when a motor-bus  
 Barges me from behind.

EVOE.

A fierce controversy which was raging in *The Staffordshire Sentinel* has been closed by the Editor in these inspired words:—

"We cannot insert any more letters on this subject. The question put by a correspondent was:—'A cat and a half kills a rat and a half in a minute and a half: how long will it take 60 cats to kill 60 rats?' A 'cat and a half' cannot 'kill a rat and a half,' and there may be some catch in that; but, accepting the question as a mathematical problem, the answer is obviously one minute. For a cat and a half to kill a rat and a half in a minute and a half is at the rate of one rat per cat per minute, and, at that rate, 60 cats would kill 60 rats in one minute."

Come, come! Is Staffordshire to lag behind the other counties in intellect? Have at it again, Stafford!



## THE CRIMINAL.

THE accused with great precision arranged himself into a semi-circle on the hearthrug, indolently wagged his tail, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Despite this evidence of a clear conscience, the pleading face of the suppliant showed signs of agitation.

"He didn't do it. I'm certain he didn't," she protested.

"That," I informed her, "is the attitude of the Defence all the world over, and carries no conviction."

She made an effort to smile, in case my remark was funny, and edged herself between the object of my wrath and me.

"Besides," she said, with that depth of scorn in her voice to which youth alone can reach, "it was only a slipper."

The suppliant threw herself on the ground by the accused, and roused him from sleep by kissing the tip of his ear.

"He wouldn't do a naughty thing like that, would he?" she asked.

He looked up at me with deliberate innocence and slowly licked his lips.

"He convicts himself," I said, "out of his own mouth."

The Defence was equal to the occasion.

"If he did then," she informed me in a phrase choking with verbs, "I don't believe he could have known he mustn't. It's no good smacking him if he doesn't know he's been naughty, is it?"

I raised a threatening hand at him. With limp tail he skirted the armchair and took refuge under the sofa.

"Is that," I inquired, "the action of a dog conscious of moral rectitude?"

She clung desperately to my hand.

"But there's no need to punish him now that he owns he's done wrong, is there?" she said.

Directing my voice towards that end of the sofa beneath which I imagined the dog to be now cowering, I made an inquiry regarding the whereabouts of a certain whip.

With my mangled slipper in his mouth, the accused brazenly stepped out from the sanctuary of the sofa and, after gazing fondly into my eyes, sat demurely at my feet and tried to stare my lowest boot button out of countenance.

"Is this," I asked, "the shamed attitude of the penitent?"

Now that punishment seemed inevitable, there was, on the part of the Defence, an accommodating change of front. Aware that her pleading for the accused had left me unmoved, the Suppliant assumed an expression of stern and inexorable wrath.

"The wicked dog," she exclaimed,



*First Tragedian.* "Ah! DEAR BOY! THE CHANCE OF MY LIFE CAME LAST NIGHT. ISAACSTEIN OFFERED ME THIRTY SHILLINGS A WEEK TO PLAY HAMLET. THE CONTRACT WAS DRAWN UP—HE LENT ME HIS FOUNTAIN-PEN TO SIGN WITH, WHEN—"

*Second Tragedian.* "YOU WOKE UP!"

*First Tragedian.* "DAMME! HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

*Second Tragedian.* "BY THE SALARY, MY PIPPIN. I'VE DREAMT LIKE THAT MYSELF!"

"let me smack him. I'd beat him awfully hard."

"Difficult as it may be," I said, "you must endeavour to restrain your righteous indignation. His behaviour convinces me that punishment would be wasted on him. There is nothing for us to do but to assume he has no moral sense."

She gave a sigh of relief as she climbed on to my knee.

"Yes, let's," she begged, "then we needn't bother, need we?"

## Removals by Air.

"Last summer Mrs. Dunville steered her own ballroom across the Channel to France, with Lady Milbanke as a passenger."—*The Queen*.

The ball-room does not seem to have been overcrowded, so perhaps it wasn't very difficult to steer in.

## ELECTION SEQUELS.

## LAW COURTS DELUGED WITH LIBEL ACTIONS.

INTERESTING echoes of the General Election (which, it may be remembered, was held towards the end of last year) will shortly be heard in the Law Courts, and we are fortunate in being able to give our readers advance details of some of the more important libel actions that are down for hearing.

## BULLION V. BLOOD.

One of the earliest on the list is connected with the exciting contest in West Toffshire, where Sir John Bullion, Bt., the well-known City magnate and former Liberal Member for the division, succumbed by only three votes to the Hon. Arthur Blood, younger son of Lord Backwood. It is alleged that on the eve of the poll the Unionist Candidate distributed a circular to the electors making a personal attack on his opponent, and containing in particular the following paragraph:—

"Quite apart from questions of Party politics, it is in the highest degree essential that, for the sake of its good name, West Toffshire should be represented in Parliament by a well-dressed man. Can it be said that Sir John Bullion fulfils this condition? One or two facts will suffice by way of answer. On December 5 the Radical Candidate was seen to address a meeting with one trouser-leg turned up and the other down. On the following day he toured the constituency in a frock-coat and a bowler-hat. . . And, worst of all, he buys his clothes in the City! Electors, think of your reputation, and VOTE FOR BLOOD AND STYLE!"

In his affidavit Sir John characterises the allegation touching his trouser-legs as a malicious invention, and affirms that the second charge made against him contains a serious *suppressio veri*, inasmuch as no mention is made of the fact that on the day in question his frock-coat was covered by a stylish overcoat with velvet collar. Sir John further states that the circular, which was issued too late to permit of a contradiction, lost him the seat, brought him into social disrepute, and caused him great distress of mind. With regard to the general appearance of plaintiff's clothes (whose civic origin is not denied), several sartorial experts are being called to give evidence on either side.

## "THE PEOPLE'S FOOD."

Some significant revelations are promised in the action which Mr. Will Barrow, who unsuccessfully contested Grimesby as an Independent Working Man, is bringing against Mr. Alf Pint,

the Labour Party's nominee. Mr. Barrow complains that during the campaign his opponent repeatedly made a most dastardly allegation against him, to the effect that he (Mr. Barrow) was "the sort of man who never stood a pal a glass." Unfortunately, owing to the stringent provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act (which many leading politicians in the district would like to see amended), plaintiff was unable during the course of the election to disprove the charge in a practical manner, and was even debarred from promising to do so on the conclusion of the contest. Such a statement was bound to exercise a tremendous influence over the electors of Grimesby, where beer is the principal article of food, and in consequence, Mr. Barrow asserts, he only polled seventy-eight votes against over ten thousand given for the Labour Candidate. The case will be followed with great interest by the local publicans.

## WHAT DID HE MEAN?

The contest in Puddenhead will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the division as one of the most embittered in its history, and little surprise will be caused by the announcement that Mr. Ebenezer Bloggs, who championed the cause of Tariff Reform, is instituting an action for libel against the newly-elected Member. Mr. Bloggs takes exception most of all to a poster with which the entire town was placarded, and which bore the following words in huge letters:—

"Don't Vote for Bloggs. For years he has been Continually Growing Madder! Plump for SAWNER and SANITY."

Plaintiff contends that this statement imputes mental infirmity to him, and was evidently so interpreted by a majority of the electorate, since there could not conceivably be any other reason for his defeat. Defendant, however, repudiates all knowledge of the poster in question, and alternatively denies that the words complained of bear the construction put upon them, and further pleads that they are literally true, plaintiff being the head of the dyeing firm of Bloggs & Son, which is engaged in the cultivation of madder. In reply Mr. Bloggs has filed an affidavit stating that for some years, owing to the increased rigour of foreign competition caused by our so-called Free Trade system, he has had to give up growing any madder.

## AN ECHO OF BILLINGSDITCH.

Damages to the amount of £10,000 are being claimed by the Conservative Candidate for Billingsditch against *The Billingsditch Observer*. It is com-

plained that an article appeared in the local organ stating, among other things, that the Candidate in question had opposed in Parliament the provision of free life-annuities for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. This, plaintiff says, is a gross distortion of the truth, the real facts of the case being that, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, he actually spoke in favour of the proposal, his sole protest being directed against the reprehensible procedure by which it was "tacked" on to a Budget Bill. The allegation, he maintains, constitutes a most damaging reflection upon his character, holding him up to popular execration as a monster of inhumanity, callous to the sufferings of the poor, and deaf to their legitimate demands upon the State. It was also the cause of intense mental and physical discomfort to him during the Billingsditch Election.

## MONTMORENCY OR —?

Yet another case—that of *Montmorency v. Grab*—is likely to prove especially rich in piquant details. The plaintiff is Mr. A. Fitzalan Montmorency, who conducted so strenuous an anti-alien campaign in the Crackling Division of Berkshire, and who grounds his present action on the fact that his Socialist opponent placarded the constituency with the legend:—

"Where was Montmorency when the Light went out?"

Mr. Montmorency denies that his name is really identical with that of the great Hebrew law-giver, as he declares this query to suggest, and says that he is taking this step to vindicate his character in public as a true Briton, patriot and Christian gentleman. Among Mr. Grab's witnesses, we understand, are a number of gentlemen resident in Whitechapel, including Mr. Montmorency's father.

"The Mayor was attired as a gentleman of the time of Charles I., and the Mayoress was gowned to represent Night."—*Manchester Evening News*.

This can be done cheaply in a night-gown.

"There were 1,190 inmates in the Tranmere Workhouse, as against 1,191 for the corresponding period last year, the decrease being due to the increased amount of work in the town."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

What, we wonder, was he doing?

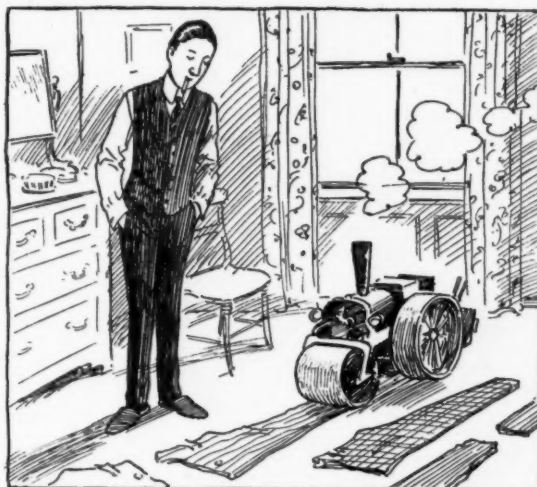
"A new miniature dance-opera, based on the story of 'Salome,' is to be produced at the Hippodrome. The principal character will be played by Sahary-Djeli, who will give as a special feature the Dance of the Seven Dials."—*The People*.

We have often seen children doing this round a barrel-organ.

## SOME OUTFITTING NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON.



THE BRICK-WALL SUITING FOR BURGLARS.



THE "INVICTA" TROUSER-PRESS.

THE LITTLE DUSTMAN.  
A NOVELTY IN BOYS'  
SUITINGS.

THE LANGUAGE STERILISER.

THE THREE-SLEEVED COAT  
FOR STRAPHANGERS.THE "QUICK-CHANGE" UMBRELLA.  
Press the knob, and your perfectly  
good umbrella loses its attraction  
for the borrower.

THE "TICH" BOOT FOR VIEWING PROCESSIONS.



PNEUMATIC RIDING BREECHES FOR NOVICES.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE present edition of *Tillers of the Soil* should be recalled and a second published with print enlarged, cover brightened, and preface omitted. The first sight of so much small print depresses an eye already a little discouraged by the severity of the cover, and Mr. J. E. PATTERSON'S apology for his methods does no more than put the reader on his look-out for faults, which he would not have otherwise noticed and which probably do not exist. For the book itself is bound to be a pleasure to all who love the land or can appreciate in others a passion they do not feel. For myself, a townsman, I was made intimate with agricultural conditions and even canvassed in the matter of certain farmers' grievances and their proposed remedy, without having my entertainment suspended for a moment. *Abe Shuttleworth*, a cheerful farmer with large ideals, an unruly tongue and an irresistible optimism, is certainly a person to meet, and I know of few better portraits in fiction of an ardent reformer with a past—a past which reappears in the midst of the reforms and becomes only too present. With the exception of *Ola*, his indefinite daughter, and *Lucian*, her American and poetically-inclined lover, the minor characters are most natural and true to their rural environment. The Rector is perhaps a little too narrow, but the rectory party are delightfully fussy and typical. I ask Mr. HEINEMANN, if the book runs to another edition, to send me a copy, partly that I may review it a second time (for I have further words of recommendation up my sleeve), but more particularly that I may place it on my shelf of Books Worth Keeping and Reading Again.

There are onions that make you weep, and onions, as the Athenian hoplites knew, that make you warlike, or perhaps that make your enemies take to their heels. There is also, in a class by himself, Mr. OLIVER ONIONS, who wants to make your flesh creep. The text of his book, *Widdershins* (MARTIN SECKER), is the quaint petition for deliverance "From Ghaisties, Ghoulies, and long-leggity Beasties and Things that go Bump in the night." Its title means—in what language I know not—"Contrary to the course of the Sun," that is to say, contrary, as I hope, to Nature. For I should not at all like to think that the creepy happenings described in these extremely ghoulish stories could possibly come my way. I don't want to be driven to starve myself by a beckoning fair one who haunts my rooms, paralyses my work, slays my love, and causes my arrest as a suspected murderer. Nor do I relish the

idea of listening for the footsteps of a man who is always coming up behind me and passing the molecules of his body through the molecules of mine, until at last I go mad and kill myself in my efforts to get rid of him. Nor, if I were a sculptor, should I care to achieve fame in the hour of my death by the crazy design of exerting my will-power to force my own flesh and blood and bone into the marble of my *chef d'œuvre*. Weirdly imaginative, and with an uncanny air of unreality, often effectively heightened by the skilful way in which Philistinism and art and the material and spirit worlds are placed side by side, these stories by Mr. ONIONS are told so cleverly that some readers might find that almost they persuade them to be believers in Ghaisties and Ghoulies and long-leggity Beasties and Things that go Bump in the day as well as in the night.

Sleuth-hound fiction has already scented out a style of its own; the characters talk in a kind of correct journalese

which takes no account of idiosyncrasies, when they narrate their past histories or the terrible events which have recently happened to them. For this reason *Gilead Balm* (FISHER UNWIN), which is Mr. BERNARD CAPE'S incursion into this species of romance, suffers from a certain lack of homogeneity, since the author every now and then shows glimpses of his real self and allows flashes of humour or pages of really literary description to intrude into the story. *Gilead Balm* (I am not quite sure whether this name is so funny as Mr. CAPE'S seems to imagine, and the same applies to a supposed villain whom he has christened *Winsom Wyllie*) was a young man who, on

suddenly becoming a millionaire, decided to spend his life in sifting the advertisements for financial succour which appear in *The Daily Post*, and relieving all genuine cases of distress. In pursuit of this generous avocation the author has allowed his hero to range through a considerable variety of cases, from the purely comic to the mysterious and spiritualistic, but always with the detection of crime as a dominant motive. There is no one like Mr. BERNARD CAPE for describing the horrors of a dark and empty house; he has some very ingenious ideas for crimes, and he often says some very good things; as for instance, "But if there is no morality in art, you can hardly expect it of its dealers;" and therefore, although he has been unable to maintain the dead level of melodrama which is the tradition of this kind of novel, I can confidently recommend *Gilead Balm* to those in search of yet another literary hair-tonic.

"The Territorial band played the hymns as well as the church organ."  
*The Scout.*

No comparisons, please.



## WHY NOT SLEEP ON THE LINKS?

YOU COMBINE HYGIENE WITH GOLF AND GET OFF BEFORE THE CROWD.